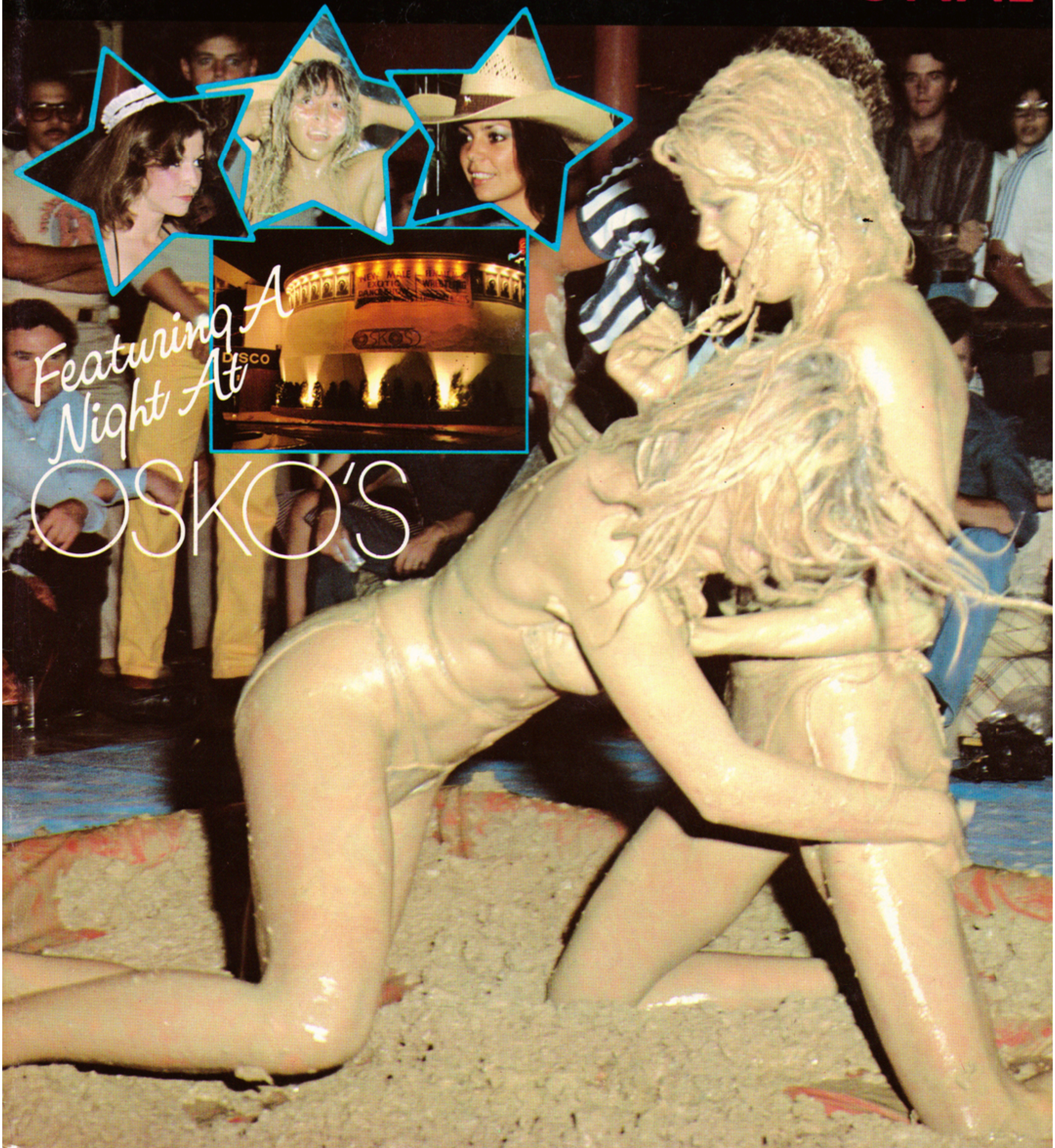
# MUD WRESTLING
# INTERNATIONAL

$6.00 VOL. 1 NO. 1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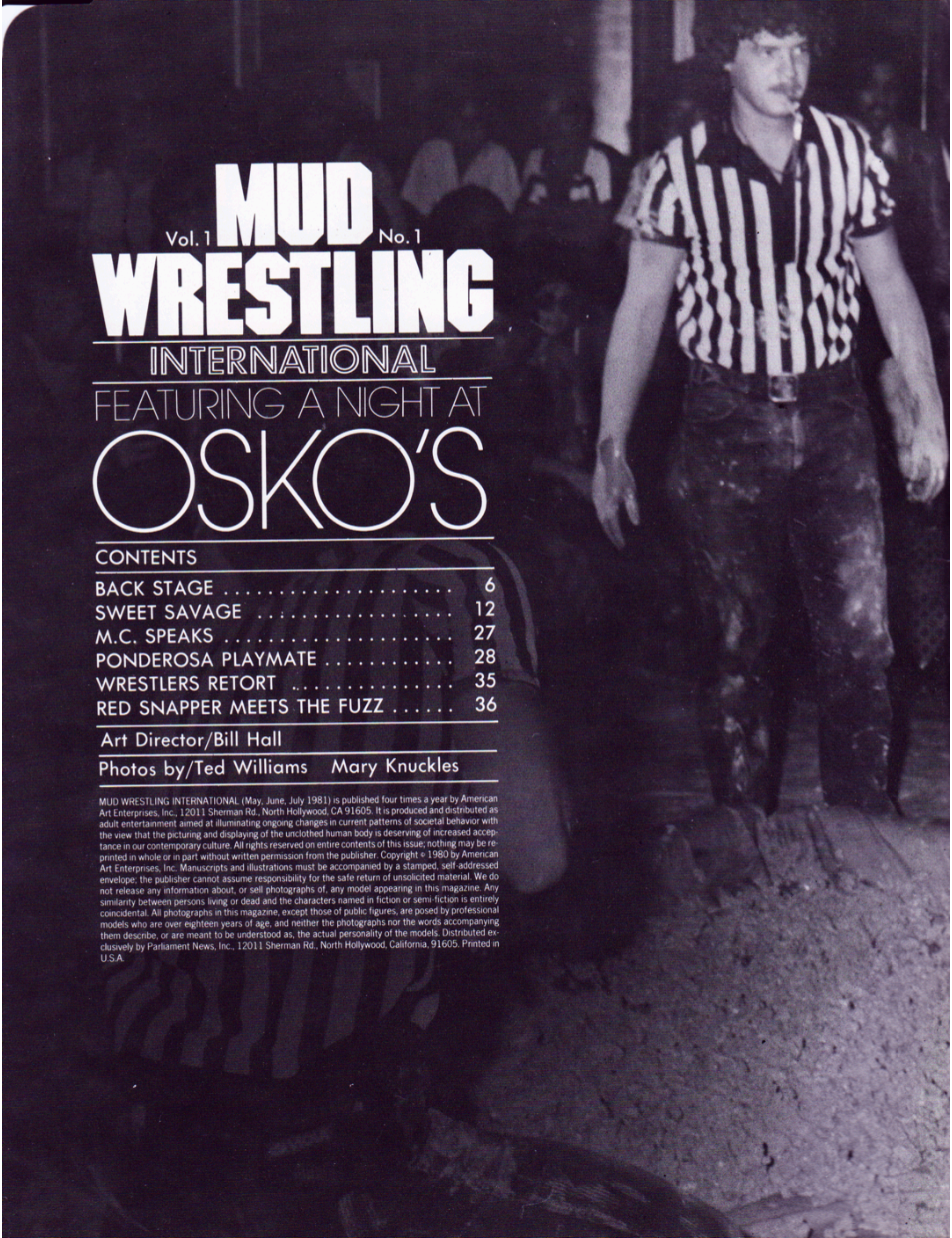
FEMALE WRESTLING
DISCO
OSKO'S

*Featuring A Night At*
## OSKO'S



Vol. 1 No. 1

# MUD WRESTLING INTERNATIONAL

## FEATURING A NIGHT AT OSKO'S

## CONTENTS

BACK STAGE .......................... 6
SWEET SAVAGE .................... 12
M.C. SPEAKS ........................ 27
PONDEROSA PLAYMATE ............ 28
WRESTLERS RETORT ................ 35
RED SNAPPER MEETS THE FUZZ ...... 36

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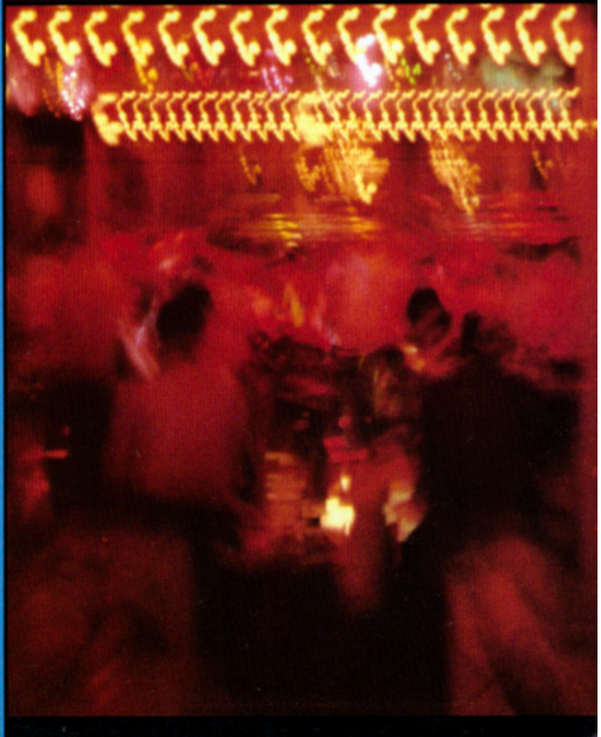
# MUD WRESTLING

## INTERNATIONAL

## PRESENTS: A NIGHT AT OSKO'S

Admittedly, I knew zip about female mud wrestling. The only picture my feeble mind could conjure up was of two monstrous Amazons battling for space on a muddy river bank, while the audience, lounging lazily on the grassy slopes, sipped good brew and laughed and jeered and occasionally pointed thumbs down. Certainly nothing I would want to write home about. Therefore, when I journeyed to OSKO'S DISCO, 333 South La Cienega in Los Angeles, I went, not as an afficionado but as a tourist.

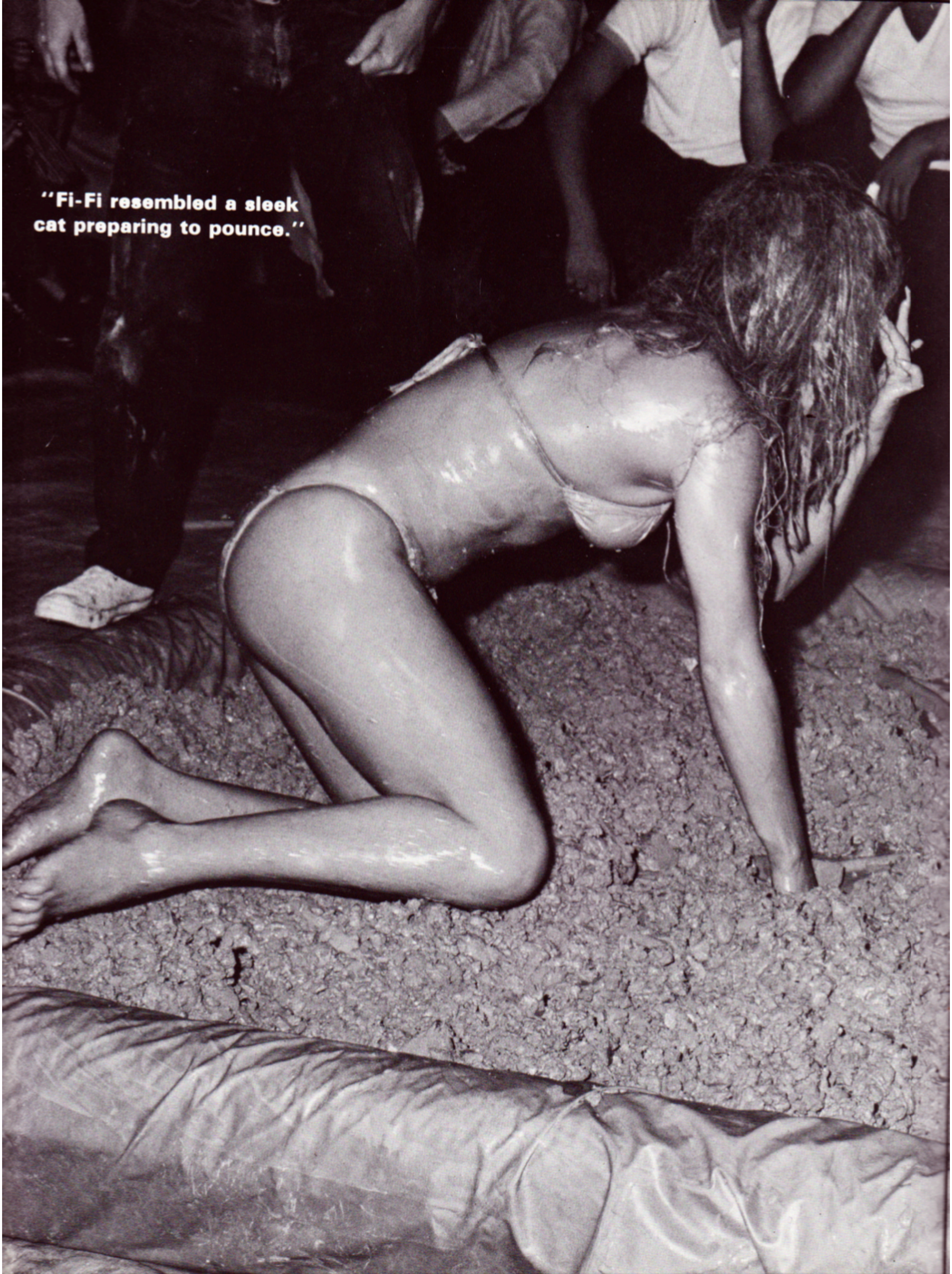
The evening was seasonably cool as I pulled into Osko's main driveway, turned my car over to the courteous valet and entered the palacial club.



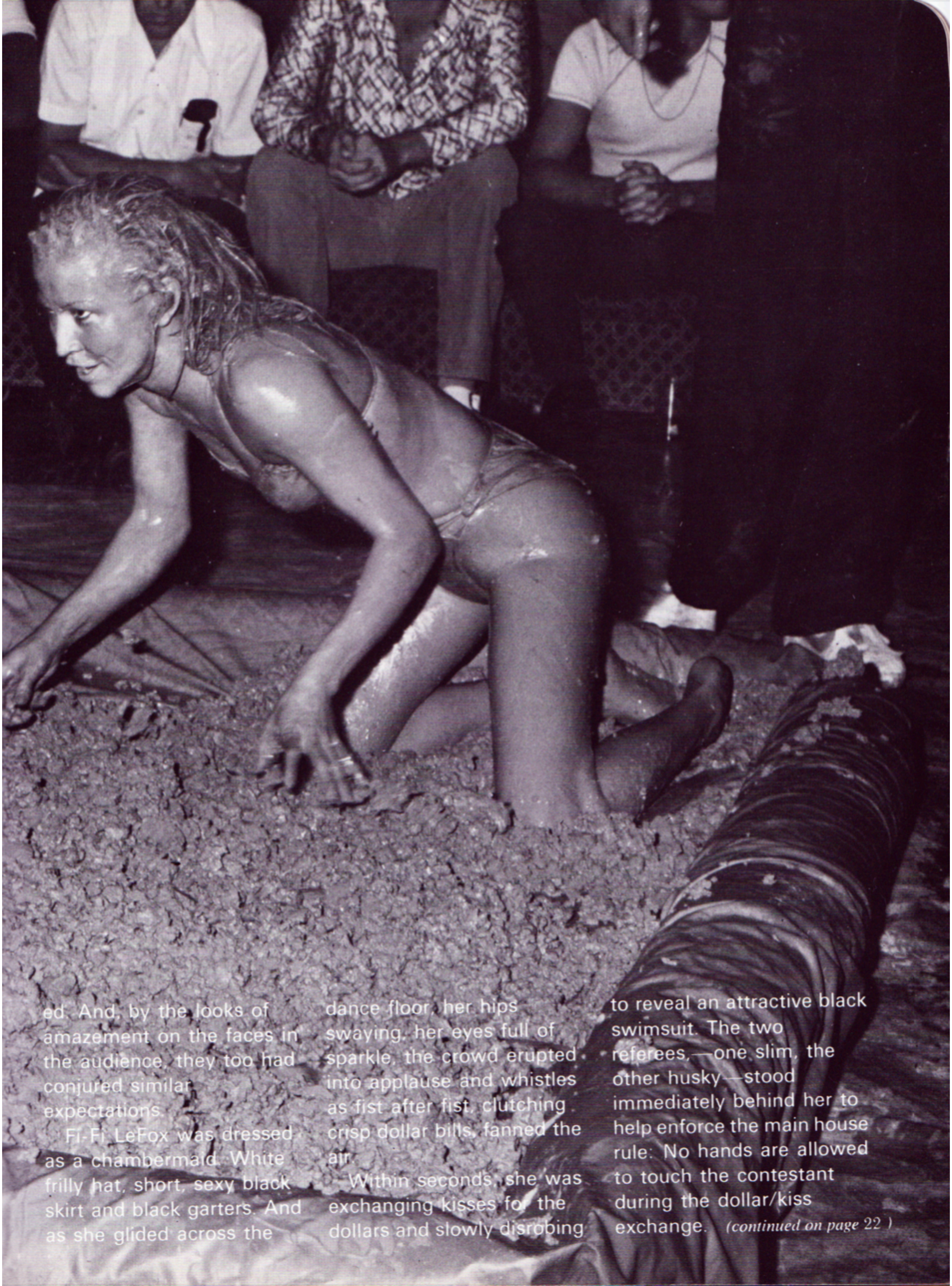
*Completely professional, the ladies take painstaking minutes to check their hair, makeup and costumes. The ladies, insisting on looking their best before show time.*

# BACK STAGE

*However, by evenings end, each hair-do will be destroyed and every pretty face and body will be first covered with mud then drenched clean in the tub.*



"Fi-Fi resembled a sleek cat preparing to pounce."



ed. And, by the looks of amazement on the faces in the audience, they too had conjured similar expectations.

Fi-Fi LeFox was dressed as a chambermaid. White frilly hat, short, sexy black skirt and black garters. And as she glided across the dance floor, her hips swaying, her eyes full of sparkle, the crowd erupted into applause and whistles as fist after fist, clutching crisp dollar bills, fanned the air.

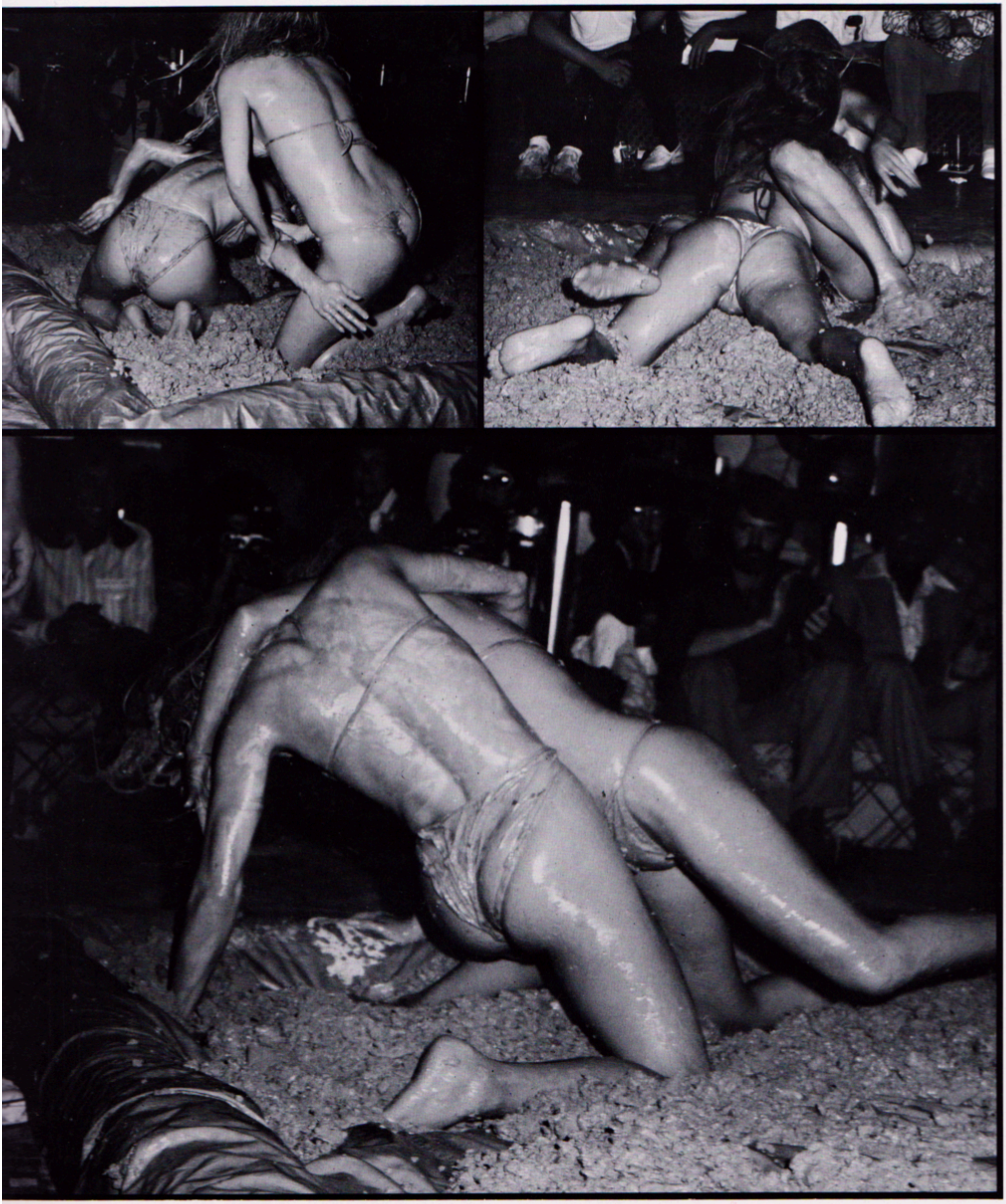
Within seconds, she was exchanging kisses for the dollars and slowly disrobing to reveal an attractive black swimsuit. The two referees,—one slim, the other husky—stood immediately behind her to help enforce the main house rule: No hands are allowed to touch the contestant during the dollar/kiss exchange.

*(continued on page 22 )*

# SWEET SAVAGE

*Short, lean and twice as mean! A constant smile enhancing her pretty face, Sweet Savage bumps, grinds and high kicks her way across the small dance floor to the beat of Devo's 'Whip It'. Instantly, dollar bills begin waving above the puckered lips of the spectators. "I haven't been doing this very long, but the crowd makes me feel welcome and I like that. The mud's cold and dirty, but the crowd helps make up for it."*

"Career wise? I really don't know. I enjoy dancing and pleasing the audience, but I don't think I'll be a mud wrestler forever. The people I work with mean a lot to me. We've all become pretty close and it's like one big happy family. We sorta watch out for each other."



*"I really don't know where mud wrestling will lead me. I enjoy doing it and the money helps a lot, but it gets kind of messy sometimes and I get tired of that. But, the audience makes me feel good.*

*Normally I'm pretty shy, but
when I hear my name announced to the audience, I become
Sweet Savage and that's when I really perform!"*

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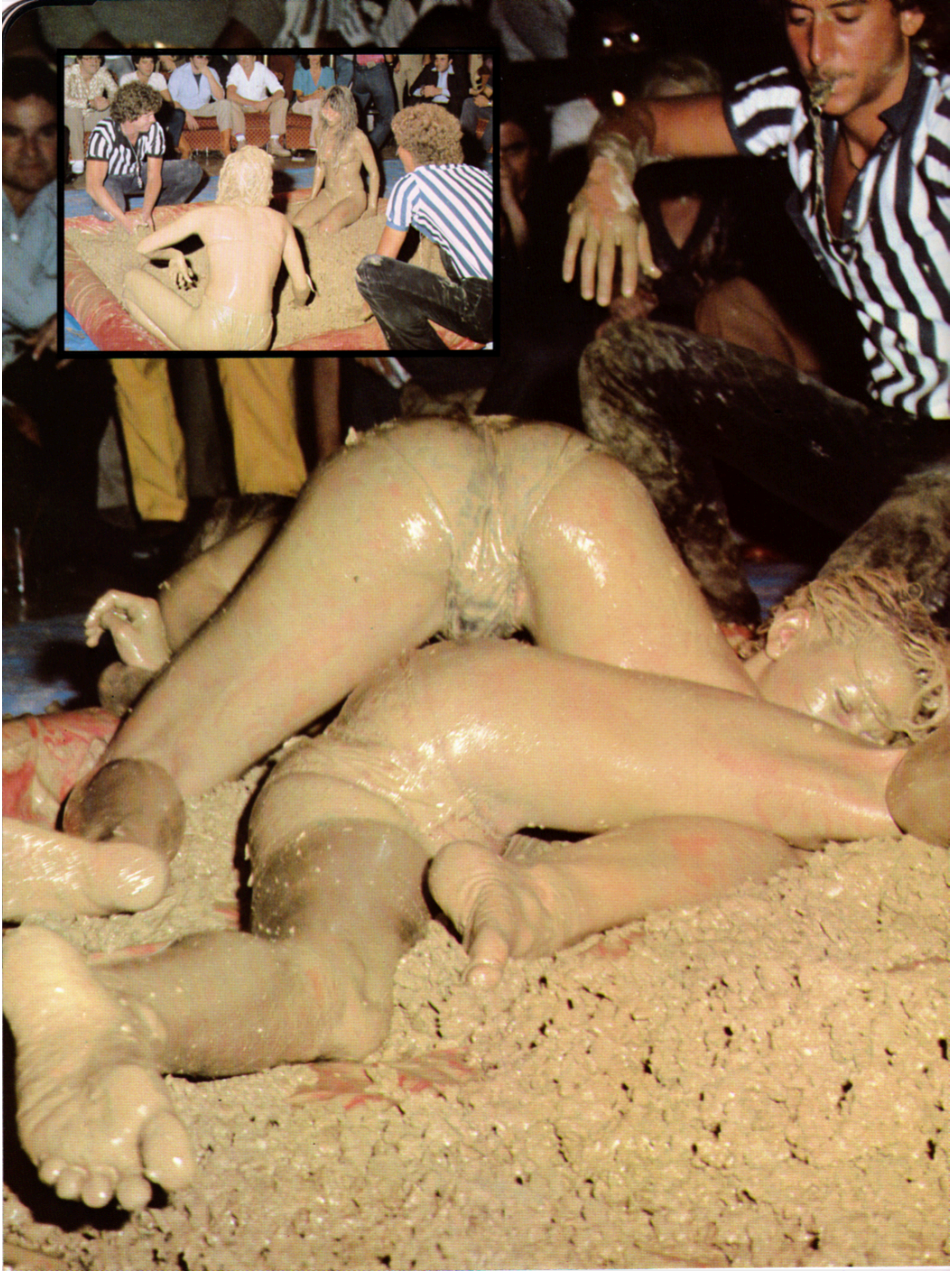
**"Sweet Savage rolled to the
right, avoided a swinging
arm & charged her opponent."**



**"The audience went wild as bill laden fists fanned the air like flags waving."**

Suddenly, the M.C. stepped in, escorted Fi-Fi LeFox to a single chair at the back of the area and introduced her opponent, Sweet Savage.

About the height of Fi-Fi, Savage was wearing a two piece fur bra and bottom and carried a rubber caveman type club. She danced, jerked, wiggled and kicked to the tune of Devo's 'Whip It' and, believe me, she did precisely that. The audience went wild as bill laden fists fanned the air like a crowd cheering a parade. Bumping and bouncing, kissing and cooing, Savage took in dollar after dollar while at the same time, stripping to a sexy white bikini.

Again the M.C. stepped in and took charge, it was time for the match. The music was stopped, the house lights brought up to full glare and the contestants escorted to the mud pit, where they immediately dropped to their knees. The smile enhancing Sweet Savage's face vanished and a look of complete concentration emerged in its place. Fi-Fi LeFox, on the other hand, totally resembled a sleek cat preparing to pounce. The silence throughout the vast interior of the club was incredible.

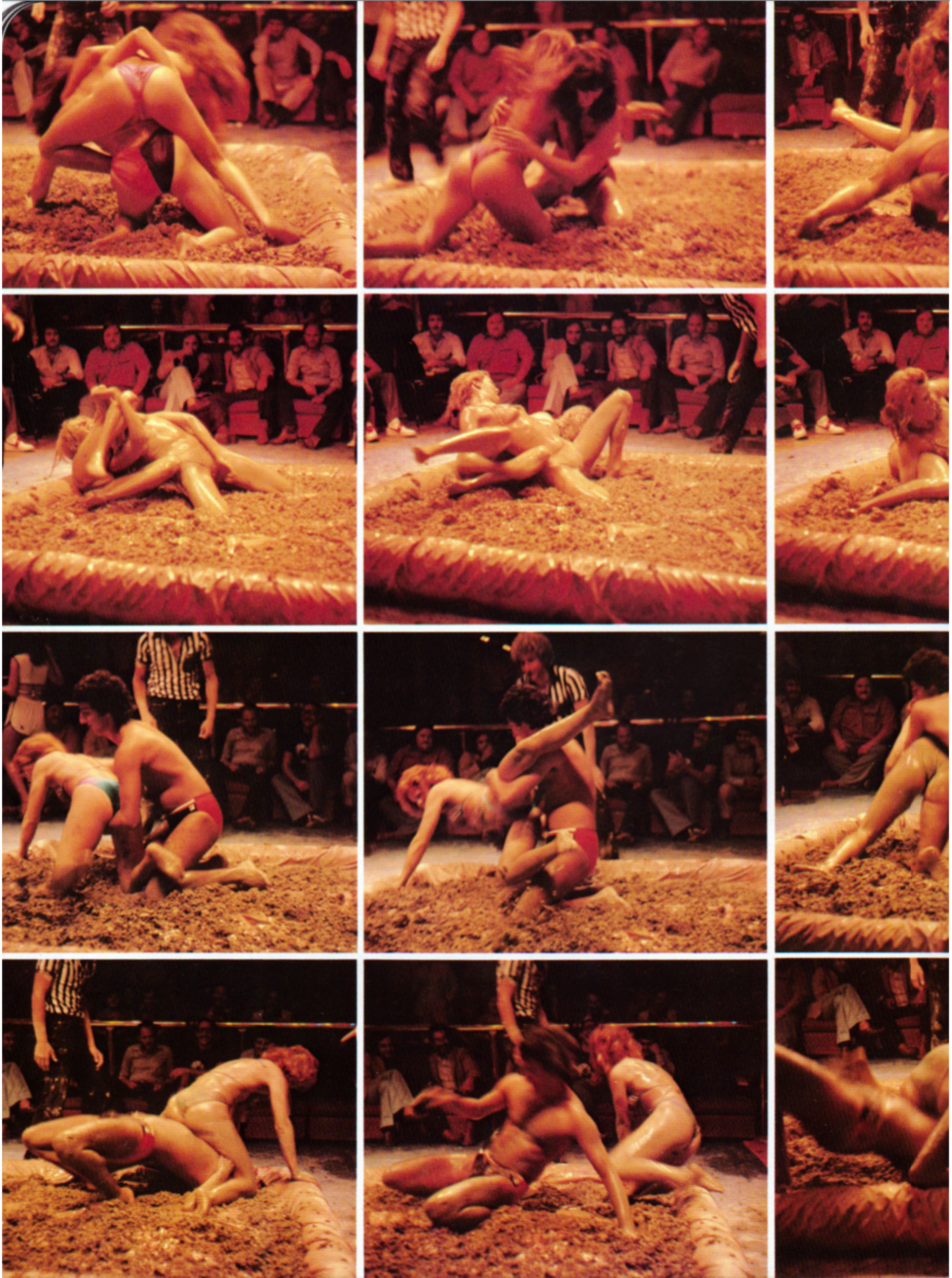
A whistle was blown to start the event and instantly, Fi-Fi leaped, grabbed Sweet Savage around the neck and flipped her on her back. The audience gasped, then cheered as Savage rolled to the right, sat up, avoided a swinging arm and charged her opponent, knocking her to the mud. Again the crowd went wild, cheering and stomping, yelling for the female they wanted to emerge victorious.

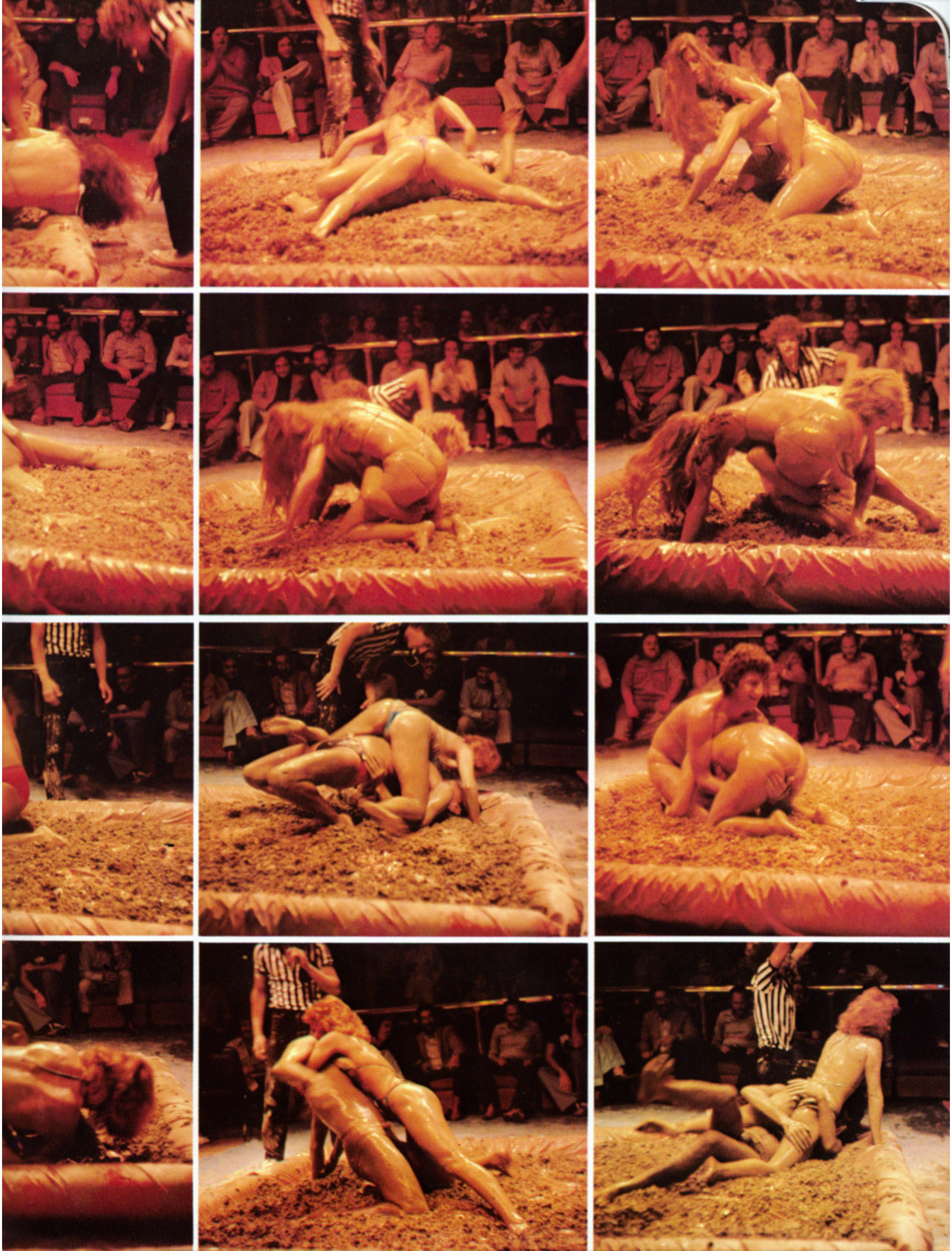
Three minutes later, the match ended and the wrestlers, covered from head to toe with mud, stepped from the pit. The M.C. asked the audience for individual applause to select the winner and Sweet Savage smiled and bounced upon hearing the results.

Then they were asked to step into a large bathtub set to the side and buckets of clean water were poured over their bodies instantly washing the mud away.

Once completed, the

*(continued on page 26 )*





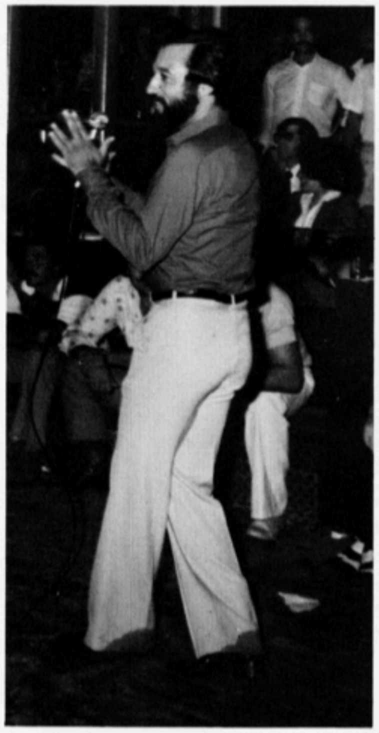
**"For a member of the audience to wrestle in the mud he should be able to stand, healthy and be willing."**

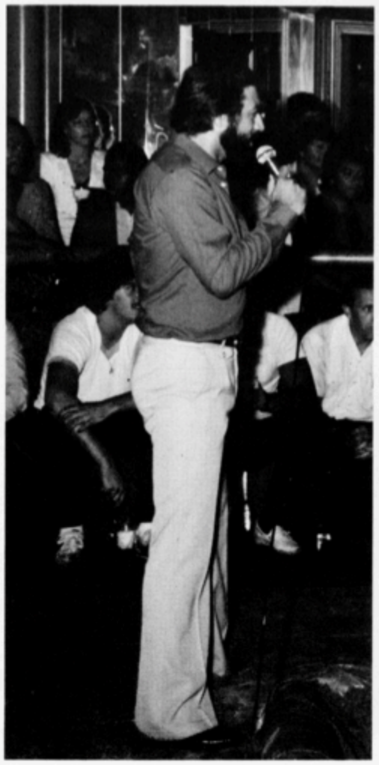
*(continued from page 22 )*

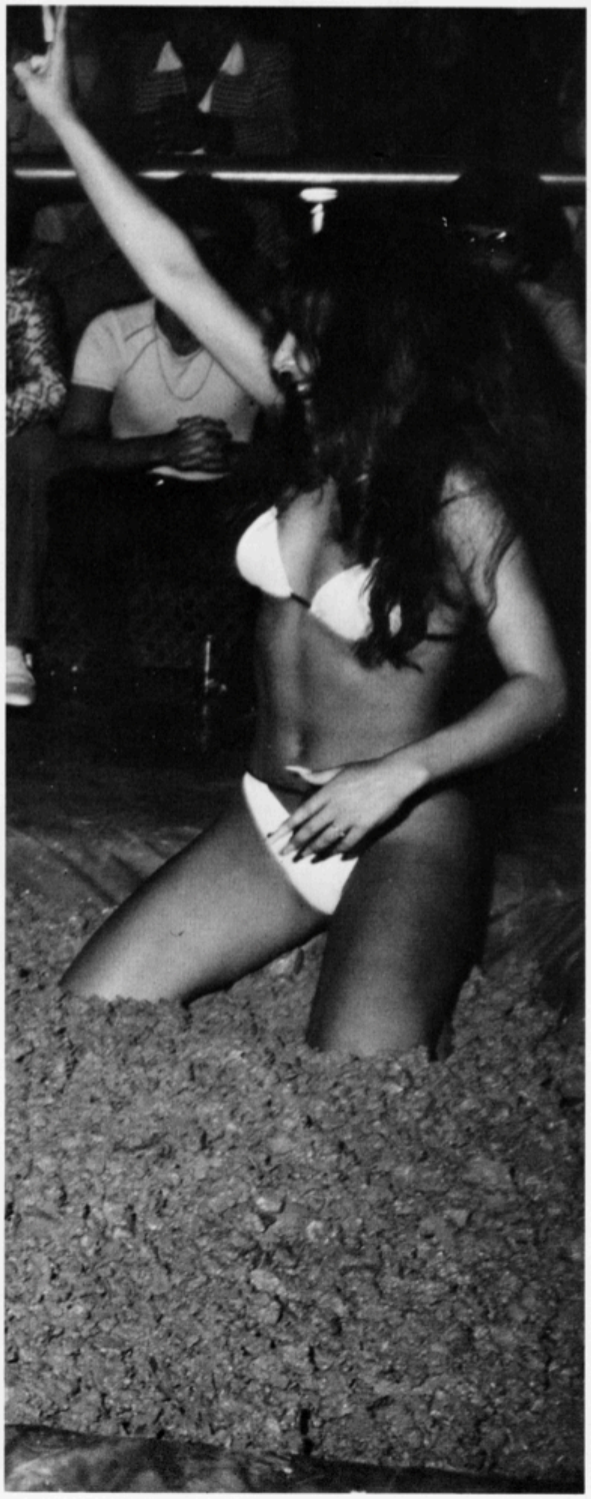
women were led backstage and the M.C. introduced the next weight class. In all, there were four matches. The first three being between two opposing females and the fourth pitting a female wrestler against a member of the audience, the latter bidding the highest for the pleasure of the match.

Even though the end results of each match were the same, two people wrestling in the mud, each lady's beginning routine was unique and quite professional. Princess Lay-Ya was stunning in a white hooded gown and the California Angel certainly did the uniform justice. Then the crowd cheered for the Ponderosa Playmate and whistled for the sexy Red Snapper and laughed heartily as Queen Kong emerged and brilliantly brought the evening to a close.

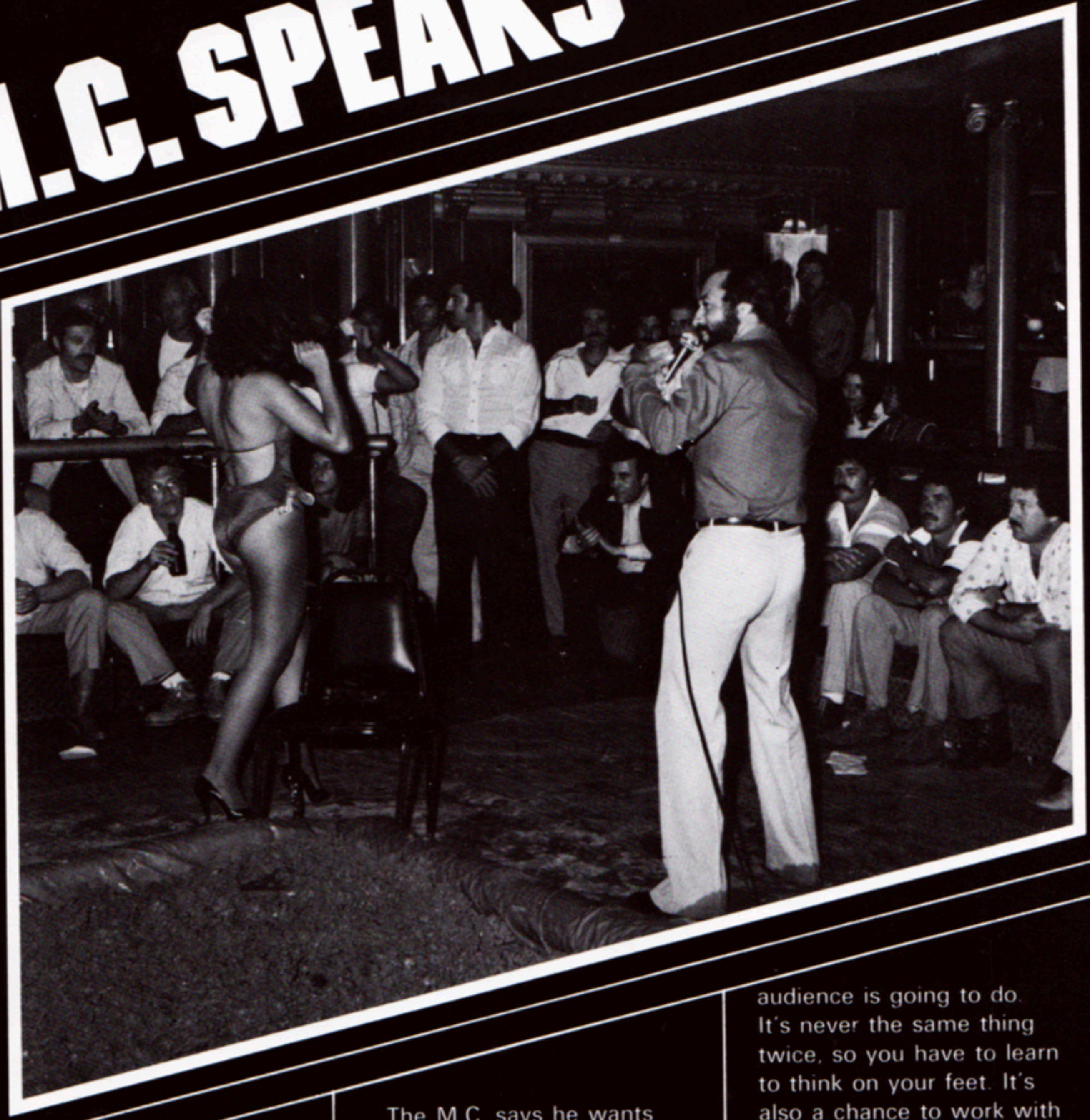
Female Mud Wrestling is entertainment worth seeing. Whether it will be a passing fad or a recognized sport is yet to be seen.







# M.C. SPEAKS



"It's a fad for certain people," the M.C. said, "but, something happened that we didn't expect—it drew a regular following. We actually have a cult. We've worked clubs a hundred and fifty miles apart and still see familiar faces in the crowd. People follow us from town to town, the girls have their own fan clubs and even I have my own fan club."

The M.C. says he wants a quality product for the public. "We don't want to put on a sleezy skin show. We want something that a family can come in and see. A good show with good taste. We don't allow anything in the show that will be considered distasteful."

"Of all the things I have done in the entertainment field," the M.C. continues, "this is one of the hardest. It's all adlib. You never know who you're going to work with and you never know what the audience is going to do. It's never the same thing twice, so you have to learn to think on your feet. It's also a chance to work with something more than just the fantasy of show business. You've got a different type of fantasy here. The idea of female aggression which is both titillating and threatening at the same time. It's something that's where it's not supposed to be. You're not supposed to see a mud pit on a dance floor, much less people wresting in a night club. There's nothing I can compare it with as far as getting my timing down as an M.C."

# PONDEROSA PLAYMATE

*Head 'em up and smooth 'em out the Ponderosa Playmate's gonna make you stomp and shout! With everything but a branding iron, the Playmate struts to the music as the crowd goes berserk. Off comes the vest as she begins to mosey around the corral collecting dollars from the sea of waving hands.*

*"My sister, Double Delicious, talked me into doing this. Well, she brought it to my attention, but after I witnessed it I decided; hey, I can do that. So here I am. I really like it. All of the girls are great and the audience loves it."*

*"I'm an actress and one of these nights a producer will see me and who knows, I'm a professional. And, don't think that producers and directors don't come in to see the show because they do."*

*Tonight, Ponderosa Playmate will wrestle a member of the audience.*

**"With everything but a branding iron, the Ponderosa Playmate takes charge."**

# WRESTLERS RETORT

Double Delicious has been a dancer since the age of thirteen. "I'm one of the original mud wrestlers," she says. "When they asked me to come down and see the show and think about joining the troupe, I asked them what it was and when they said mud wrestling I thought they were joking! I'm an entertainer and I love the physical contact and a challenge. In real life I'm not an aggressive chick, but when I get in the mud pit and start wrestling, the cheers of the crowd gets me going and drives me to want to entertain and most of all, win!"

Princess Lay-Ya says mud wrestling has helped her feel more secure. "I've only been wrestling for a few months, but it's helped me a lot. I've learned how to handle myself pretty good in the pit and that can extend to my life out side of the club. Mud wrestling has shown me a lot of things about myself. I feel I can protect myself should a situation call for it. Plus, I'm an actress and this is entertainment."

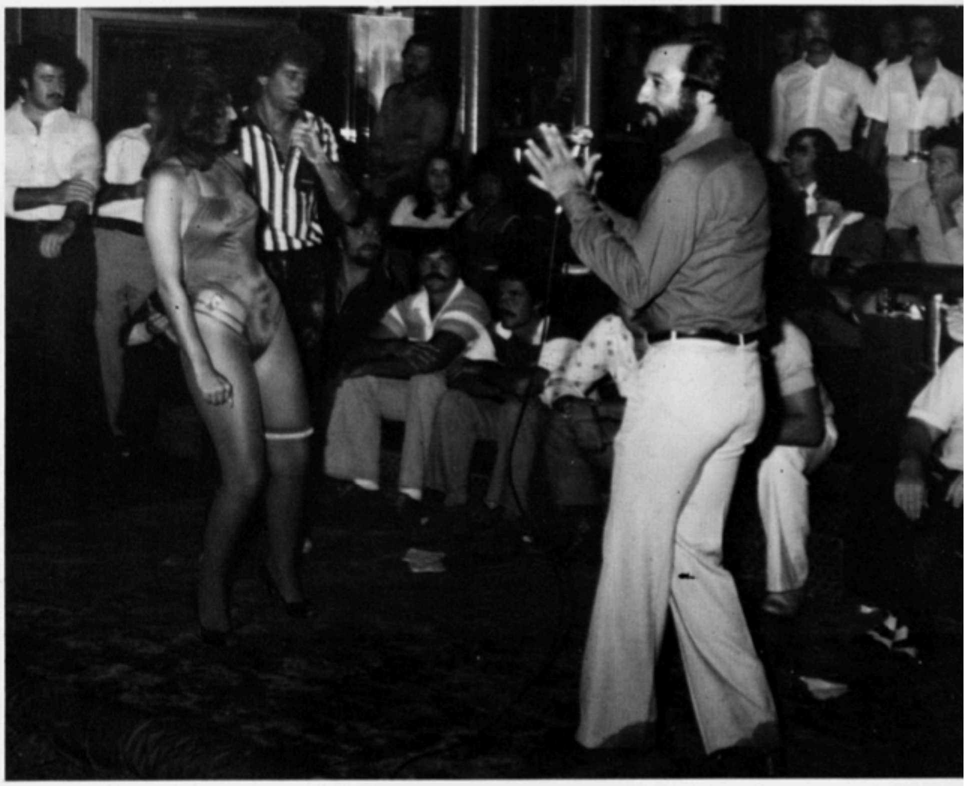
---

When Ponderosa Playmate came out on the floor, the audience was given a chance to bid for the pleasure of entering the mud pit with her. The man who won the bidding had this to say after the match, which he lost, by the way. "It was fun, but you have to obviously be in good shape. It's really hard and strenuous and it looks a lot easier than it really is. The mud is an added variable, it's very slippery. Not only do you have to be stronger than the girl, you have to be able to adapt to the mud. Ponderosa Playmate's used to it, I'm not.

Let me put it this way. We were fighting in her territory and she had complete control and I was kinda helpless. But, I'd still do it again!"

# LOOK MA, NO HANDS!

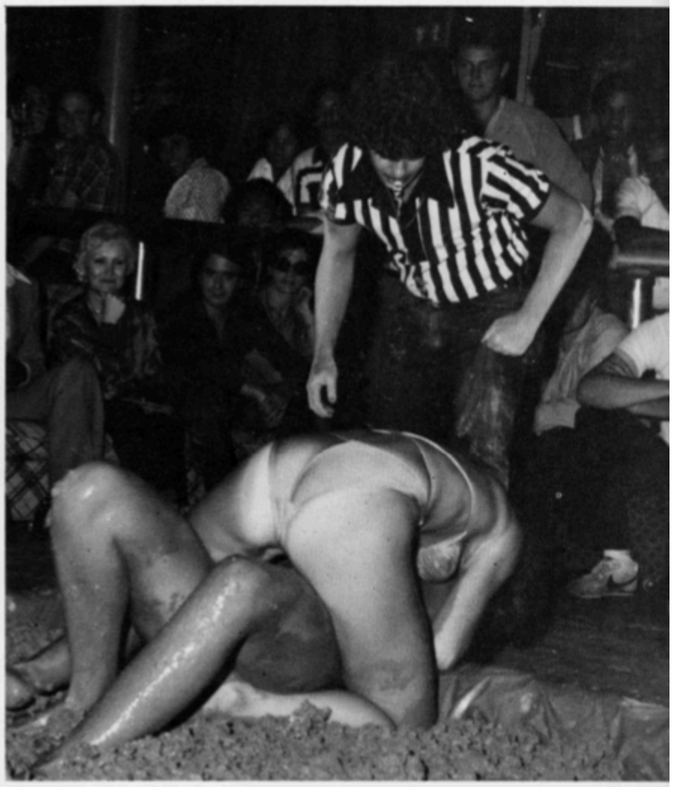
The rule of the house is no hands when exchanging dollar bills for kisses. And the two referees and the M.C. watch like hawks to make sure the men in the audience comply to this rule. No hands means precisely that. A member of the audience cannot hold, touch, feel or fondle any of the girls during their 'kiss n tip' trips around the dance floor railing. Obviously, if you want to kiss any of the girls you cannot be in the balcony. Plus, to save time the M.C. will ask you to step up to the railing, pucker up and produce a dollar.



# RED SNAPPER MEETS THE FUZZ

"Happily, the Cop accepts the graft in exchange for smooches."

"Wearing a nurse's uniform, the Red Snapper, obviously a favorite, enters stage left as the crowd screams."



Wearing mirrored sun
glasses and a law
enforcement blue shirt
complete with badge
and whistle, the
Curvacious Cop takes
command of the moment.
Instantly, lips pucker

and dollars emerge and
the cop begins to
accept the graft in
exchange for smooches.
Within minutes,
she has disrobed to
reveal a flawless body encased
in a black bathing suit.

# RED SNAPPER MEETS THE FUZZ

*Her solo act finished, the Curvacious Cop retreats to a lone chair as the M.C. announces her opponent—The Red Snapper. Down with the lights and up with the music as a cute redhead, attired in a well fitting nurse's uniform enters stage left and begins swaying and bouncing to the beat. The crowd screams and again, as before, the bills fan the air. The Red Snapper is obviously a favorite of the fans.*

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